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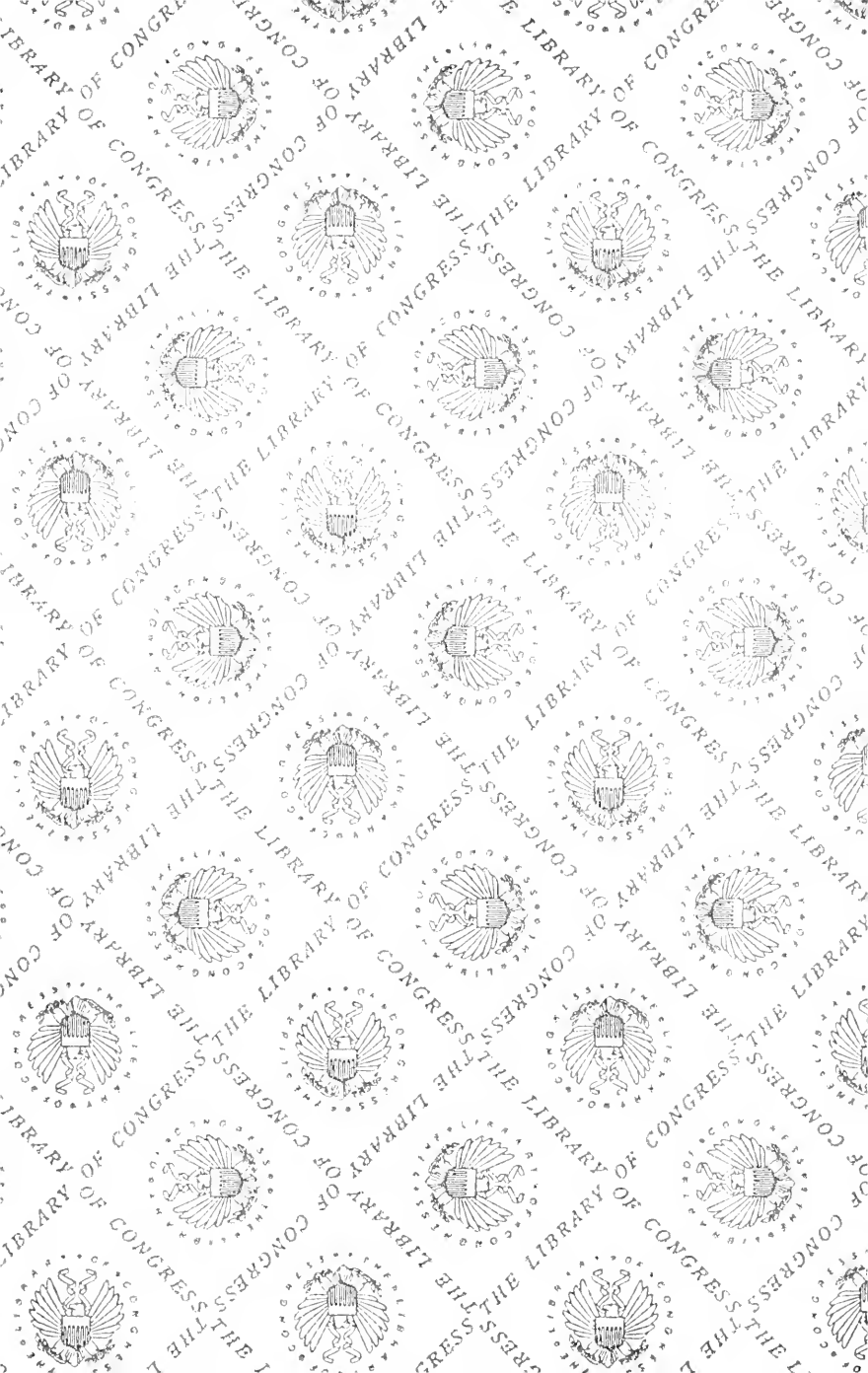
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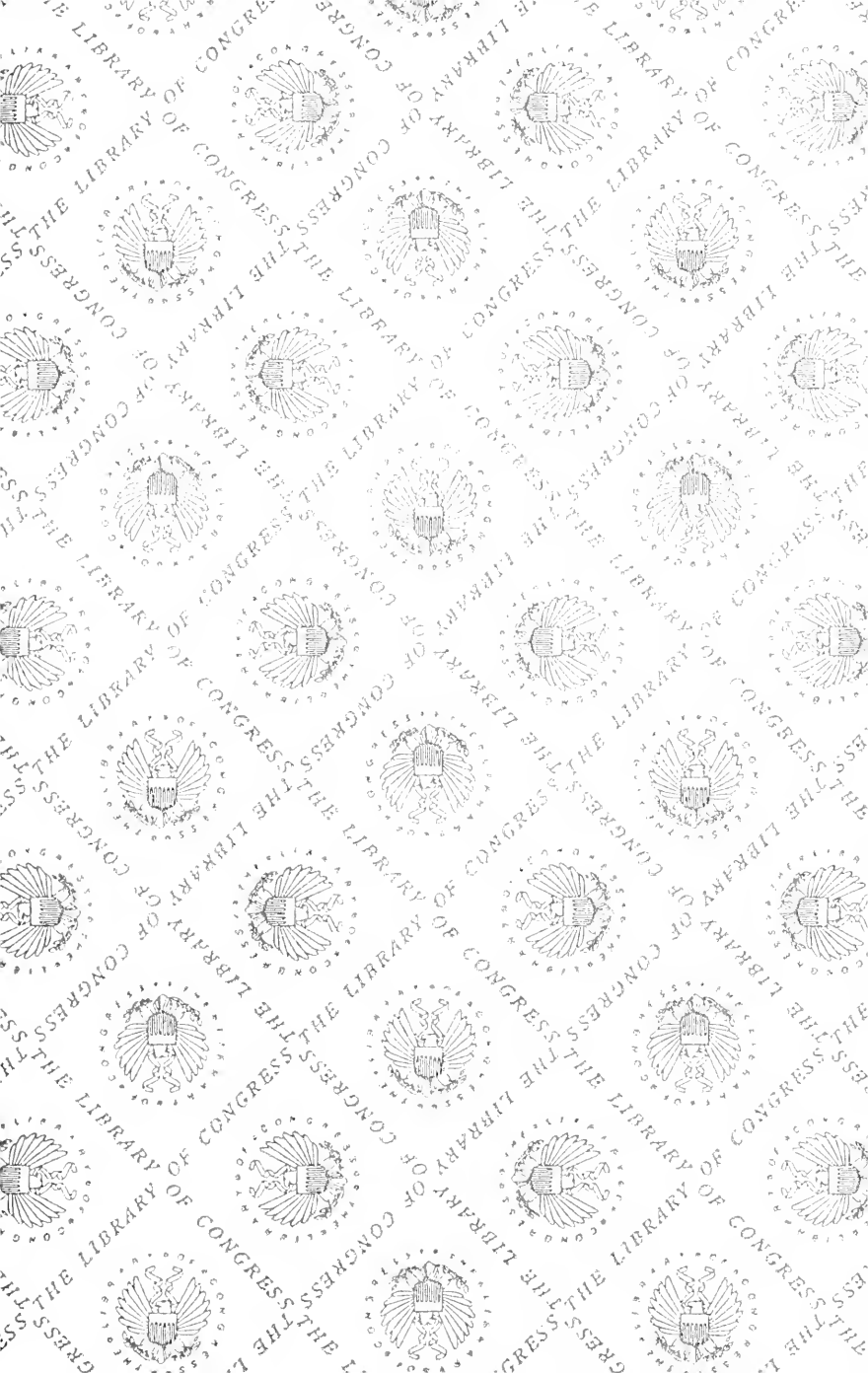
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IN THE MIDST OF THE YEARS

BY

JOHN WESLEY CONLEY



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*AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
TO MY WIFE*

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OBSERVATIONS

THINGS WORTH WHILE

Don't spend your life in a fruitless strife,
For things that merely beguile,
But work for the right with all your might,
And live for things worth while.

The time goes fast and will soon be past,
Face work with a hopeful smile,
Seek useful ways and waste no days,
And do the things worth while.

Oh, live for the true, whatever you do,
And seek what ought to be sought,
Life's end will be bright with a holy light,
If for things worth while you have wrought.

SAY IT NOW

If you have a word of cheer,
Say it now,
Life should not be dark and drear,
Say it now.

If you have a word of praise,
Say it now,
In the midst of life's work days,
Say it now.

If you have a word of love,
Say it now,
It may come as from above,
Say it now.

If you know another's worth
Say it now,
Brighten thus the paths of earth,
Say it now.

THE GOOD AND NOT THE BAD

There may be doubt and things not plain,
And others may your friends arraign,
But charity should still be had,
Believe the good and not the bad.

There are two sides to every case,
Lean always to the side of grace,
And do not to the troubles add,
But seek the good and not the bad.

In every heart there is some good,
You can find it and you should,
The world need not be dark and sad,
Then find the good and not the bad.

'Twill make you stronger for the strife,
And greatly sweeten all your life,
And make your heart both brave and glad,
To think the good and not the bad.

WORRY

Some worry about the cold and some about the
heat.

Some worry about their gold and some what they
will eat,

Some worry about their hair because it will come
out,

There's something everywhere,

Always to worry about.

Some worry about the nation, its plight is very sad,
In fact the whole creation is going to the bad.

Oh yes, it's surely going and it's going in a hurry,
And now's the time for showing

Your wisdom by your worry.

Some worry about the church, 't isn't what it used
to be,

No matter how you search, little piety you see,
For faith and love are waning, the world is coming
in,

And heresy is gaining,

Not to worry is a sin.

Some worry about the rich and some about the
poor,

There's a complicated hitch in conditions that is
sure,

And so the thing to do is to look for vice and crime,
Believe the worst is true,

And worry all the time.

But it does no good to fret and worry all the way,
It's better far to let the sunshine fill the day.
The darkness may arise, go on and never mind it,
There's brightness in the skies,
Seek good and you will find it.

SOME BOOKS

Some books are fiction and some books are truth,
Some for the aged and some for the youth,
Some are composed and some are compiled
Some books are clear and some books are roiled,
Some books are thick and some books are thin,
And very many books have very little in.

Some books are gentle and some books are rude,
Some books are finished and some books are crude,
Some books are good and some books are bad,
Some books are gay and some books are sad,
Some books are foolish and some books are wise
And very many books tell very many lies.

Some books are sleepy some wide awake,
Some you can trust and some are a fake,
Some are continued and some have an end,
Some good to borrow and some good to lend.
Some books are charged and some sold for cash,
And very many books are very poor trash.

Some are for use and some are for show,
Some books are fast and some books are slow,
Some books are poison and some books are bread,
Some to burn up and some to be read,
Some books are fine and some books are botched,
And very many books should be very closely watched

Some books are modest and some books are bold,
Some books are warm and some books are cold,
Some treat of this life and some of the next,
Some wander badly and some keep the text,
Some books are shallow and some books are deep,
And very many books haven't salt enough to keep.

Some books are weak and some books are strong,
Some books are right and some books are wrong
Some books are gilt and some books are plain,
Some books give joy and some books give pain,
Some books are new and some books are old,
And very many books are made to be sold.

Then be not deceived, though attractive they look,
For a man may be sold in the buying of a book.

ADVICE

To fuss and fume find fault and fret,
Is simply desecration,
 What can't be cured
 Must be endured,
Accept the situation.

Work hard and always do your best,
Be worthy of your station,
 Look up not down,
 And smile, not frown,
Improve your situation.

There's lots of room for every one,
In this great thriving nation,
 Expect great things,
 Pull all the strings,
Outgrow your situation.

KEEP SWEET

Changes come and years go by,
And clouds oft hide the bright blue sky,
Rough paths may try your weary feet
But don't lose heart, bear well your part,
Keep sweet.

Friends may fail and thoughtless grow,
Life may lose its morning glow,
You may disappointments meet
From grief refrain and don't complain,
Keep sweet.

You may heavy burdens bear,
And all alone face many a care,
Your life seem sadly incomplete,
But don't give way to sorrow's sway,
Keep sweet.

Health may fail and powers decline,
And you be tempted to repine,
But that would simply be defeat,
God is love, there's help above,
Keep sweet.

THE SNORER

Of things that disturb the quiet of night,
Drive sleep far away and thoughts that are right,
Set the nerves all on edge, exhausting all stores
Of patience, the worst is the person that snores.

The yowling of cats the howling of dogs,
The crowing of cocks, the squealing of hogs,

And all of the sounds that are heard out of doors,
Are music beside the horrors of snores.

The rumbling of cars the ringing of bells,
The near neighbor's child with colicky spells,
The blowing of winds the creaking of floors,
Are soothing compared with nerve-racking snores.

There's the low purring snore with its unceasing
 flow,
From that wide-open mouth, a vortex of woe;
There's the strident and rasping and gurgling snore,
That runs the whole scale from a wheeze to a roar.

But whatever the snore the effect is the same,
Wild feelings gain sway till without any shame,
One thinks horrid things, and well nigh insane,
Would gladly inflict great bodily pain.

But the snorer just then has a sort of a fit,
And the high peaks of snoring are successfully hit,
Then silence enshrouds the place of his bed,
And he seems to have gone to the realms of the dead.

And then a blest calm envelopes the soul,
As the waves of sweet sleep o'er the night sea now
roll;—

But the snorer revives and worse than before,
He works the whole range of his outrageous snore.

Then what shall be done with the person who
snores?

Smother him, choke him, throw him out doors,
Bandage his mouth, and cork up his nose,
And if he keeps on then turn on the hose.

SOME QUIRK

The most of folks are fairly good,
And try to live the way they should,
They're honest, upright, kind and true,
And seek the proper things to do,
From duty's call they do not shirk,
Yet everybody has some quirk.

'Tis in their constitution wrought,
And will be found if it be sought,
Just what it is may not appear
At first, but soon it will be clear,
If, seeking, you do faithful work,
For everybody has some quirk.

Then seek the good in all you meet,
But don't forget, there's chaff with wheat,
And while the good should you allure,
No one is perfect, that is sure,
For somewhere in each one doth lurk,
Some queer, unpleasant, petty quirk.

TROUBLES

They say your food is just chuck full
Of microscopic worms,
And every mouthful that you eat,
Has millions of these germs,
And there is here abundant cause,
For serious alarm,
Since every germ is looking round,
To try to do you harm.

The water too which you must drink,
With microbes is alive,
In springs and wells and reservoirs,
They multiply and thrive.
And danger lurks on every side,
And what is one to do?
For every microbe that you drink,
Has got it in for you.

Bacteria infest the air,
And every breath one takes,
Is just as full as it can be
With little flying snakes.
And then when you have breathed them in,
It seems to be the plan,
For every little serpent there,
To bite you if he can.

So here we have a serious case,
Can some one wisdom give?
For we must eat and drink and breathe,
If we expect to live;
But if in water, food and air,
There's death for every one,
Then there is no way to escape,
And nothing can be done.

But there is hope, for we are told
That in us good germs grow,
And always keep a sharp look out,
Against the outside foe;
And if we help them as we should,
In carrying on the fight,
Invaders will be overcome,
And all will come out right.

BEHIND THE HAT

I went to church in earnest search,
Of peace and strength and rest,
But lo, I sat behind a hat,
And it must be confessed,
My soul was sore distressed.

I sought to pray that Sabbath day,
And words of worship said,
But thoughts of that expansive hat,
Completely filled my head,
And all devotion fled.

And when I tried from side to side,
The minister to see,
My neck I craned and stretched and strained,
But still that hat would be
Between my head and me.

I closed my eyes, tried to be wise,
And to my ears give heed,
But there I sat behind that hat:
No matter what my need,
My thoughts were bad indeed.

I wished that that outrageous hat,
Were miles and miles away,
And in my mind for womankind,
On that fair Sabbath day,
Were thoughts I dare not say.

And when at last the hour passed,
I left that house of prayer,
I made a vow, I tell it now,
So long as women wear
Such hats, I'll not be there.

WHEN YOUR HAIR IS GROWING THIN

You do not joke bald-headed men,
Their shining pate provokes no grin,
It makes you sad to look at them,
When your hair is growing thin.

You wonder what makes hair come out,
You try to think the brains within
Are worked too hard and do too much,
When your hair is growing thin.

You read the "ads" of hair restored
Where naught was left but naked skin;
You buy and try all sorts of things,
When your hair is growing thin.

But when you see it can't be helped,
And that your hair will not stay in,
You simply smile a sickly smile,
As your hair keeps growing thin.

TRY IT AGAIN

If you've failed and lost your hold,
And the world seems hard and cold,
 'T would be a shame
 To quit the game:
 Try it again.

Though things be not as they should,
Quitters ne'er do any good,
 Then take a brace,
 And find your place:
 Try it again.

Finding fault with fate wont pay,
There's a vastly better way,
 Then don't get blue,
 There's hope for you:
 Try it again.

Failures past and wasted years,
Should not fill the heart with fears,
 The past forget,
 You'll make it yet,
 Try it again.

Just as well lie down and die,
As to stop and no more try,
 Then ne'er give in,
 And you will win:
 Try it again.

DESCRIPTIONS

MY NATIVE WESTERN LAND

Some may sing New England's praises,
With her famous "rocks and rills,"
And may find delight and joy,
In her "wooded templed hills"
But give me the rolling prairie,
Which on larger scale is planned,
The far reaching plains of beauty
Of my native western land.

There's wideness in the prairie,
"Like the wideness of the sea,"
And a boundless inspiration,
To be happy, pure and free.
There are majesty and splendor,
And a greatness that is grand,
In the all-embracing prairies,
Of my native western land.

So far reaches the horizon,
That the earth and sky are one,
And across the verdant billows,
Lines of mystic beauty run.
Cloudy chariots cross the heavens,
While upon the landscape's face,
Shadows cool and sweet, refreshing,
Follow in delightful chase.

Beauteous groves and quiet villas,
Farm homes scattered here and there,
Cattle grazing in the pastures,
Peace and plenty everywhere.
You may talk of woods and mountains,
And the charm of ocean's strand,
But give me the breadth and beauty,
Of my native prairie land

TO THE MOUNTAINS

Written on "Overland Limited" in the Rocky Mountains.

Snow-capped peaks of desolation,
Giant rocks piled up on high,
Since the morning of creation,
You have linked the earth and sky.

You are first to hail the sunrise,
And to catch morn's golden light,
And when 'mid the darkness day dies,
You are last to say good night.

You in silent greatness tower,
Mocking at the passing years,
And defy man's puny power,
Heedless of his hopes and fears.

Silent watchmen of the ages,
Calm beneath the noon-day sun,
Calm, too, when the wild storm rages,
Will your vigil ne'er be done?

You are always ever saying,
" 'Time is fleeting, art is long,'
In life's work foundation laying
Calls for patient hands and strong."

And your heights, the heavens seeking,
Bid us come with feet unshod;
Awe-inspiring you are speaking:
"Upward lift your eyes to God."

NEBRASKA'S SKIES

Fairer skies no land possesses,
Howe'er fair those skies may be,
Than arch o'er Nebraska's prairies,
Like a radiant canopy.

There's a glory in the sunshine,
That o'er spreads Nebraska's plains,
Which awakens in the heart strings,
Grateful, glad, inspiring strains.

After-gleams of golden beauty,
From the earth to heaven arise,
When the glories of the sun-set,
Light Nebraska's western skies.

Stars that stud the Syrian heavens,
Never gave forth rays more bright,
Than are those which fall so richly,
From Nebraska's gems of night.

All this beauty of the heavens,
Shines upon Nebraska's fields,
Till they laugh in bounteous gladness,
At the wealth which nature yields.

THE BARDS OF ERIN

There's a wonderful Isle in the midst of the sea,
Abounding in beauty so rare,
That surely there cannot anywhere be
A country more charmingly fair.

Skies brighter ne'er arched over Syrian lands,
Fields fairer have never been seen
Streams purer ne'er flowed over crystalline sands,
Than are found in this island of green.

Her chieftains and kings in days long ago,
Were great in that old time world,
As fearless they marched against every foe,
With banner of green unfurled.

This beautiful isle where gladness should reign,
And wailing should never be heard,
Has long been the home of sorrow and pain,
And the depths of distress have been stirred.

Injustice and wrong in this fair land have dwelt,
Warm hearts have cruelly bled,
Oppression's hard hand has often been felt,
While freedom has seemed to be dead.

But courage has lived in the Irishman's heart,
And bravely He's stood for the right,
And as he has borne his hard bitter part,
Faith has sung her sweet songs in the night.

Her bards with their harps have swept the whole
scale,
Of the feelings that mortals pass through,
From hope's gladdest strain to grief's saddest wail,
Every note the heart ever knew.

But the night is far spent the day is at hand,
And bondage shall soon cease to be,
No longer shall sorrow abide in the land,
The Emerald Isle shall be free.

Sing on bards of Erin for well ye may sing
The darkness is passing away,
With joyful notes cause your island to ring,
As ye hail the glad coming day.

AT A COUNTRY STATION

At a little country town,
Where politics and flirting
And the passing of a train,
Are matters quite diverting,
What a curious gawky crowd,
'Round the platform walking,
Always comes to meet the train,
And do a little talking.

Giggling girls are near the door,
Of the little station,
Chewing gum, with cheeks as pink,
As any sweet carnation,
They talk and twist and look around,
While the train is staying,
And are wondering all the time,
What the folks are saying.

With queer cut coats and stogy boots,
Hair uncombed and shaggy,
Old slouched hats tipped on one side,
And pantaloons all baggy,
Young men lounging round about,
Pipes of corn-cob smoking,
Are looking often at the girls,
While talking loud and joking.

Old "Hay Seeds" are sitting there
Tobacco fiercely chewing,
Wondering as they watch the train,
What all the folks are "dewing."
With clothes too large and all held on,
With various kinds of strapping,
With dirty hands and open mouths,
The boys walk round a-gapping.

* * * * *

But these good folks are all a part,
Of this our glorious nation,
And now the train is moving on,
So good-bye little station.

PRESENTATION TO A BROTHER OF AN IRISH SHILLALAH

Accept this Irish Shillalah
Procured in the town of Killarney,
Way over the broad rolling sea,
In the land of Shamrock and blarney.

'Tis the same as the war club of old,
With which in the days that are fled,
The famous old fighters of Erin,
Used to "tap" their foes on the head.

An Irishman said of this club:
"Ye'd bate a man a long while
With such a Shillalah as this,
Before ye'd persuade him to smile."

Then take from thine ancestors' home,
This gift presented to thee,
A gnarly old piece of hard wood
From the famous black thorn tree.

ON BOARD THE IVERNIA

Read at Entertainment on Shipboard

The Ivernia is a stanch old ship,
Steady and safe and sure,
Able to ride old ocean's waves,
And comfort and pleasure secure.

She has a splendid crew of men,
Trusty, courteous and kind,
As fine a lot of jolly tars,
As one anywhere can find.

The officers, too, from the Captain down,
Are a royal gentlemanly band,
Worthy to serve in their honored place,
'Neath the flag of old England.

The tables, all, are richly spread,
With the best of drink and food,
Suited to fully satisfy
The taste's most fitful mood.

The passengers on this fine old ship,
As she ploughs along her way
From Liverpool to Boston-town,
Deserve a word today.

Some are leaving their dear old home,
And some are homeward bound,
Some are sad, and some are glad,
But there's good will all around.

To some the ship seems sailing fast,
From the happy scenes of yore,
To others the speed is very slow,
On the way to the homeland shore.

But the past is left afar behind;
The future,—what shall it be?
We feel the touch of our common lot,
Out here in the midst of the sea.

And so we turn to each other now,
Formality all laid aside,
And ties of friendship here are formed,
Which will through the years abide.

But what shall we say of those who sail
On the old Ivernia today,
And watch the changing, changeless scenes,
Of old ocean's trackless way?

The ladies are fair as ever sailed,
Across the billowy wave,
And none e'er lived in the chivalrous past,
More worthy of the brave.

And some are young, and some are not
As young as they used to be;
And some are married, and some are not
Yet launched on that blissful sea.

And some of the men are "long" on talk,
And some are strong on "stout;"
But all in all, they're as fine a lot,
As a ship-load e'er turned out.

We've merchants and singers and students on board,
And lawyers and farmers and teachers,
A doctor or two, some boys and girls,
And also some eight or more preachers.

"Preachers enough," said one of the crew,
Thinking no doubt of old Jonah's trip.—
Though the preachers here are not Jonahs, you
know,
"Preachers enough to sink the ship."

We have checkers and rings and promenades,
Deck shuffle all times of the day.
We sleep and walk, we eat and drink,
And then "rise up to play."

There are two more passengers now enrolled,
Than there were when we set sail,
They came on board when the waves rolled high,
Ask the stork to tell you the tale.

There's a groom on board who is full of song,
And also full of years,
With a blushing bride whose smiling eyes,
Are th' antipodes of tears.

There are young folks, too, whose words are low,
While their eyes their hearts outpour:
Is it only the spell of the mystic waves?
Or a love that will live on the shore?

Some have been sick, so very sick
They thought they could not live,
And many more have fed the fish,
As long as they had aught to give.

But the sea has calmed and courage returned,
And all are on deck once more,
And none will have been sick at all,
By the time we reach the shore.

It's a glorious thing to sail the sea,
And ride o'er the rolling deep,
And feel the swell of the ocean's waves,
In their endless, boundless sweep.

'Tis a wonderful care-free life we live,
With the ocean all about,
These days we spend on the deep blue sea,
With the whole wide world shut out.

But soon we'll reach old Boston Bay;
Good bye to the ocean wave,
We'll hail the flag and "the land of the free,"
And hurrah: for "the home of the brave."

THE JUNIORS' DEFEAT

*(Written in College Days at the State University of
Iowa)*

The great Centennial year was past,
The big celebration was over at last,
With all of its noise and dust and din,
And president Hayes had been counted in:
The war in Europe had just begun;
When the Junior boys to have some fun,
And show their girls how they could run,
And just how foot-ball playing is done,
And earn for themselves undying fame,
Challenged the Seniors to play them a game.
The Seniors absorbed with loftier themes,
Were very busy making their schemes,
And racking their brains to find a way,
For all to come on Commencement Day.
But they stopped and said't would never do,
They must teach those Jun's a thing or two.
So the time was fixed the fifth of May,
And it soon came round a glorious day;
All nature smiled and the girls smiled too,
When they thought what the Junior boys would do.
And all went gay and the laugh went round
While on their way to Carleton ground.

The hour came for the game to commence,
And excitement on all sides became intense;
For a Soph without a faculty pass,
Said he belonged to the Junior class.
And the Juniors knowing how he could play,
Had asked him to help them win the day,
The Seniors were firm and wouldn't give way,
And all talked loud and had their say.
Some noisy Fresh there joined in too,

For of course they knew just what to do.
And two of the Seniors just in fun,
'Thought they would make a big Junior run,
Or else keep still and a little less say,
About who should and who shouldn't play,
But they failed and the place is still to be found,
Where those two Seniors got rolled on the ground.
But at last arbitration adjusted the claim,
And the Soph was beat in his little game.
And now each captain drew up his band,
And began to exhort and to give command.
"My men" the Senior captain said,
"This is a battle without any lead,
So don't be afraid, but wade right in,
And run and kick and yell like sin,
Look out for your shins and try not to fall,
And kick at a man when you can't kick the ball.
Throw dignity off and never give in,
Then victory's laurels you're certain to win."
The Junior leader exhorted his men,
In language beyond the power of pen,
The Bohemian boys with wide gaping jaw,
Stood fixed in silent speechless awe.
He told his men how they had been wronged
How that Soph to them had rightly belonged;
But right would triumph in the end,
And Senior pride would for once descend,
He spoke of honor of their girls and of fame,
And urged them to win an undying name.
And many more things he intended to say,
But the referees cried, "Already, Play."

By the Junior boys the first kick is done,
And the game at last is fairly begun.
They all rush in undaunted by fear,
While the little Bohemians give cheer upon cheer,

And some reprobate Sophs are betting the beer,
And the discordant sounds which come to the ear,
Make one think that the world has got out of gear.
Like heroes they all contend for the field,
For a time there is doubt which party will yield,
But the Juniors at length are compelled to give way,
For the judges you know wouldn't let that Soph
play.

A rapid retreat they are forced to commence,
And the ball is soon carried clear over the fence.
Then quickly again they are drawn up in line,
But Junior courage is on the decline,
Yet they think of their girls, and the honor at stake,
And resolve a desperate effort to make.
The Seniors now give the ball the start,
And swift-footed Mac plays nobly his part,
The Seniors are rapidly gaining the ground,
While cheers from their friends are heard all
around.

The Juniors are wild with excitement and fear,
As dreadful defeat seems drawing so near,
They run all unheeding their captain's loud call,
Their tall dark-haired man steps square on the ball,
You've seen people slip on walks that were glare,
Heard them talk and seen them clutch at the air,
But if you would witness a number one fall,
You must see a big Junior step on a ball.
If you can just imagine Darius Green,
While trying to work his flying machine.
See him strike with his arms now left and then
right,

And then kick and claw with all of his might,
And then come down with such force to the ground
As to shake the earth for a rod around,
And you understand the wonderful way
This Junior came down that ill-fated day.

Though the Junior is stopped and greatly confused
Legs, arms and head and body all bruised,
The ball is not stopped but goes on with a bound,
And is soon again sent fairly off from the ground.

Little needs to be said of the last game they played.
For their very best efforts the Juniors have made.
But some still strive with a resolute will.
And hope even yet their dreams to fulfill.
As the ball is hurried across the field,
And the Junior's doom is well nigh sealed,
One of their men as if driven by fate,
Comes tearing ahead at terrible rate,
The Seniors stop not daring to speak,
And the stalwart Junior gives a terrible kick,
But he misses the ball and steps in a hole,
And takes a most remarkable roll,
His feet come round in the laughable scene,
Like the rake to an old McCormick machine.
And now as they're just about to lose all,
One throws himself headlong on to the ball,
But the kick which he gets makes him afterwards
say,
He thinks that is not the best way to play.

But it was of no use, spite of all they could do,
This game was lost to the poor fellows too.
The foot-ball was over and the Juniors' defeat,
However regarded was plainly complete.
But right then and there not waiting at all,
They wanted to try a game of base-ball.
But alas for the Juniors, 'tis sad to rehearse,
They all did their best but made bad matters worse.
And then they went home all tired and lame,
But humbler and wiser than they were when they
came.

SPECIAL DAYS

THE FOURTH OF JULY

'Tis the birth-day of a nation,
Shout for joy afar and near,
High or low what e'er your station,
Help to fill the land with cheer.

Sing aloud your songs of gladness,
Wave your flags where all may see,
Let there be no place for sadness,
On this birth-day of the free.

Glorious day, when freemen waking,
Loud proclaimed the rights of man,
And the world-wide work of breaking
'Tyrants' cruel chains began.

Well they did their part in righting,
Wrongs that unto Heaven cried,
Freedom's battles bravely fighting,
On the fields where heroes died.

They to us are plainly speaking,
"To your heritage be true:"
Let us then our duty seeking
Vows of loyalty renew.

With "Old Glory" waving o'er us,
And with patriot souls within,
We will face the tasks before us,
And will gird ourselves to win.

We accept the honored station,
Of defenders of the right,
And we pledge unto our nation,
Hand and heart and manhood's might.

Thus our nation onward ever,
Will the whole world's progress lead,
And the God who faileth never,
Will supply our every need.

OUR FLAG

(Written for Flag Day)

Unfurl our flag today,
Its stars and stripes display
Where all may see;
The flag we love so well,
For which our heroes fell;
Let all its glories tell;
Flag of the free.

Fling out its beauty folds,
A joy to patriot souls,
Proud let it wave;
A banner in the fight
To end oppression's might,
It stands for truth and right,
Flag of the brave.

A sign on land or sea,
Of hope and liberty,
The wide world through,
It tells of battles won,
Of noble work well done,
And Freedom's march begun,
Flag of the true.

O, Lord! On Thee we call,
Who reignest over all,
Great God of might;
In every coming day,
Keep this our flag we pray,
Unstained through all the way,
Flag of the right.

CALIFORNIA

(Written for Admission Day)

As westward the Star of Empire took its course,
'Cross sea and land it onward went,
Seeking the place where power has its source,
Where beauty, health and wealth are blent.

At last it reached the land supremely blest,
The nearest to the setting sun,
The wondrous, longed for, charming "Golden
West,"
Toward which its course had long been run.

Eureka! Found at length, the place to build
A Concord, not a Babel Tower,
The dream of all the ages here fulfilled;
A final seat of world-wide power.

So, here o'er California's "Golden Strand,"
The Star of Empire shall abide,
And all the world turn toward this favored land,
Where justice, truth and power reside.

* * * * *

Hail to California,
The crown of the Golden West,
The state of fruit and sunshine,
A land supremely blest.

Hail to her snow-capped mountains,
Her valleys and her plains,
Her vineyards and her ranches,
Where wealth with beauty reigns.

Hail, to her towns and cities,
Growing by leaps and bounds,
All filled with buoyant vigor,
Where a song of hope resounds.

Hail, to the grand old ocean,
That washes her Western shore,
And brings the wealth of the Orient,
And lays it at her door.

Hail, to her sons and daughters;
Hail, to the brave and the fair,
To all who love California,
Who for her will do and dare.

IF THERE WERE NO TREES

(Written for Arbor Day)

There would be no woods
With shadows deep,
Where sweet flowers grow,
And wild vines creep,
Where chipmunks chatter
And squirrels leap,
If there were no trees.

There would be no sway
Of tree-tops grand,
While hills and dales
Are gently fanned,
As th' summer breeze
Blows o'er the land,
If there were no trees.

The birds would have
No place to rest,
And hide away
Their cunning nest
In the branches high,
With green leaves dressed,
If there were no trees.

Our homes would have
No beautiful shade;
And cozy nooks
For hammocks made,
Mid whispering leaves,
Where th' sun's rays fade,
If there were no trees.

For the beautiful park,
And the shady lane,
And the groves that adorn
The verdant plain,
For all of these
We'd look in vain,
If there were no trees.

No apples, no plums,
Not a quince or a pear,
Not an orange or fig,
No peaches so fair,
And no lemonade,
No fruit anywhere,
If there were no trees.

Then hail Arbor Day!
Plant trees every where,
Preserve them and guard them
With tenderest care,
Let their branches spread forth,
And wave in the breeze,
Fill th' land with the charm
And wealth of the trees.

THANKSGIVING DAY

This is a day for all that's good and true,
A day when holiest vows we should renew,
A day for thinking on the blessings of the year,
And for the banishment of doubt and fear.

This is a day for prayer and thanks and praise,
A day to help and better all the days,
It should be free from care and sin and strife,
A day to purify and sweeten life.

This is a day for deeds of mercy and good-will,
A day to bear good cheer and help to fill.
Some other life with gratitude and praise,
With hope and courage for the coming days.

This is a **day for friendship, home and love,**
A day to link the things of earth to things above,
A day to banish heart-aches, tears and sighs,
And strengthen all life's tender, **sacred ties.**

CHRISTMAS CALL

Make joyful noise all ye lands,
Earth's jubilee proclaim,
Rejoice and with uplifted hands,
Rehearse Messiah's fame,
Yield all to His benignant sway.

Come to the Throne of Grace,
Hosannas sound aloud today,
Redeemed a sinful race.
In Him are freedom, hope and peace,
Salvation full and free,
Then let your thanks to Him increase,
Make men His glories see.
All nations now your voices raise,
Shout forth and sing your Saviour's praise.

HAD CHRIST NOT COME

There would not be a Christmas Day,
With gifts and song and love's display,
To gladdest strains lips would be dumb,
If Jesus Christ had never come.

The brightest day of childhood's year,
That brings so much of mirth and cheer,
Would never come with radiant morn
If Bethlehem's Babe had not been born.

The glorious hope that brightens life,
And gives us strength amid the strife,
Would not be ours with all its worth,
Had Christ our Lord ne'er come to earth.

The bells that ring the Gospel's call
Of peace on earth, good will to all,
Would not peal forth their glorious chime,
Had Christ not come in olden time.

Let earth be glad and heaven rejoice,
And prayer and praise fill every voice,
Shout hallelujah and amen,
For Christ who came will come again.

WHY CHRIST CAME

Into a world of guilt and woe and shame,
The Saviour came;
He came to save the world from death and sin,
And bring life in.

The Savior came into a world of pain,
To break the reign
Of grief, and thus bring in the brighter day,
Of hope's glad sway.

Into a world of weakness and despair,
With help nowhere,
He came the strength of victory to give,
That man might live.

Into a world of error and deceit,
He came to meet
The cry of hearts for truth and right,
And give them light.

Into a world of cruelty and strife,
With hatred rife,
He came to bring the message from above,
That "God is love."

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

The year will soon be gone.
'Tis night, another day will dawn,
A year will then be done,
Forever past, another year begun.
The hours are going fast;
Between the future and the past
Strange conflicts stir my heart,
Regrets and hopes enact a mingled part.
Tonight past failures come
And haunt me, and my lips are dumb!
Excuses I have none;
Why have I left so much of work undone?
Last year on bended knee
I vowed that faithful I would be,
But here I am again,
Just one among the erring sons of men.
Tears I could shed like rain,
But they could not remove the pain
Of failure and of wrong,
As I have mingled with the thoughtless throng.
Yet in the days gone by
Not all is bad, for when I try
The blessings to recall,
I am unable to recount them all.
A purpose through the days,
For good, not ill, has run always;
And earnestly I've tried
To put the evil things of life aside.
Mercy's enthroned above,
And round about is changeless love,
And so I will not grieve.
But in a Father's hands the past I'll leave.

And to the coming days
I'll turn a cheerful, hopeful gaze,
And, free from doubt and fear,
Will seek a useful, happy, glad new year.

CHRIST IS RISEN

There is gladness all about us,
Birds and flowers and sunshine bright,
And the glory of the morning,
Has dispelled the gloom of night;
God has filled the world with beauty;
Let all grief be put away,
Give the heart to joy and singing,
On this happy Easter Day.

We need fear death's power no longer,
Christ is mighty now to save,
Death by him was fully conquered,
When he came forth from the grave.
He is able to deliver
All who put their trust in him,
Since he rose o'er death victorious,
Naught can e'er his glory dim.

Life abundant he is ready,
Unto all to freely give,
And because he lives triumphant,
We in him shall also live,
Since he lives our risen Saviour,
We may know each passing hour,
The uplift and inspiration,
Of his resurrection power.

And because he death has conquered,
All his foes will be subdued,
And from victory unto victory,
Shall his conquests be pursued.

Till at last he comes in glory,
And the conflict will be o'er,
Pain and sorrow will be ended,
Sin and death shall be no more.

Let us then in hope rejoicing,
Join the great redemption throng,
And unite with tens of thousands
In a resurrection song.
While we consecrate our powers,
To extend the Saviour's sway,
And to fill the world with gladness,
On this glorious Easter Day.

AN EASTER HYMN

Matt. 28:6.

Praise him "who hath abolished death,"
And banished all its gloom,
Who rose triumphant from the dead:
Behold the empty tomb.

Hail him the all victorious One,
His praises gladly sing,
"O, grave where is thy victory?
O, death where is thy sting?"

Death could not hold him in its grasp,
He rose and left the grave,
As victor ever more he lives,
Almighty now to save.

Hosanna to the Lord of Life,
Let all their tribute bring,
And worship him who rose again,
Our "Prophet, Priest and King."

MEDITATIONS

THE PASSING YEARS

The years pass by with hurrying pace,
Life is indeed a rapid race,
And soon is past.
Yet there are lessons to be learned,
And rich rewards that may be earned,
Though years go fast.

This thought throughout the years is found:
Let helpful charity abound,
Be always kind.
Fail not to see the good in all,
Be sure whatever may befall,
The truth to find.

The years are saying as they fly:
Be ready as the days go by,
To do your best
Don't lose the chance by your delay,
But seize the blessing while you may,
Work with a zest.

This message also from the years:
Do not give up to grief and tears,
But hope and pray,
The darkness will not always last
The gloom of night will soon be past,
And then comes day.

God rules the years and cannot fail
And good not evil shall prevail,
Where e'er men dwell,
Then let the passing years increase,
In God there is abiding peace,
And all is well.

SOME DAYS

Some days we are worn and weary,
And are tired of the strife,
And we wonder at the meaning,
Of the passing years of life;
And the mystery of being,
Will its secrets not confide
While we long to solve the problems,
Which we meet on every side.

Some days life is full of gladness,
And to joy our hearts we give,
While there come no clouds of sadness,
And 'tis pleasure just to live.
Hope springs forth without an effort,
And the soul is full of song,
And there's beauty all about us,
As the days thus pass along.

Some days evil seems to follow,
Close upon each step we take,
And temptations fierce assail us,
As our crooked paths we make.
We are weak and halt and falter,
When we should be brave and strong,
And instead of right pursuing,
We are conquered by the wrong.

Some days we can scatter sunshine,
And can cheer the saddened heart,
While we gladly in life's conflicts,
Bear a true and helpful part.
But some days our hearts are heavy,
And our souls are bowed with care,
And the burdens which are on us
Seem too great for us to bear.

So the days are coming, going,
Some bring smiles and some bring tears,
But our prayer amid the changes,
Is to Him who rules the years,
So teach us our days to number,
As they go so swiftly by,
That our hearts we may be able,
Unto wisdom to apply.

IT IS EASY

It's easy to drift with the currents of life,
And 'gainst the stream do no rowing,
To take no part in struggle and strife,
And go where the crowds are going.

It's easy to give to impulse the rein,
And follow its blind impelling,
From nothing that pleases to ever refrain,
And trust what the world is telling.

It's easy to list to the Siren's song,
And hear no note alarming,
And close the mind to warnings of wrong,
And yield to the spell so charming.

It's easy to dream the time away,
And give no place to regretting:
Just live one's life for the passing day,
All future tasks forgetting.

It's easy, ah yes, but oh the waste!
There's so much sham and glitter,
The cup of ease may be sweet to taste,
But the dregs are exceeding bitter.

There's one great law for this world life,
Alas for its frequent breaking,
Not ease, but work and toil and strife,
Are the price of character making.

WHAT IS LIFE?

With its joys and griefs, its laughter and tears,
Its sunshine and shade, its hopes and its fears,
Its gain and its loss, its swift fleeting years,
Its weakness and pain, its wearisome strife,
What is life?

Life is going where duty says go,
Life is learning and seeking to know,
Life is fulfilling one's mission below,
Life is believing what the Word of God saith,
Life is faith.

Life is right thoughts as the days go by,
Life is helping the needy who cry,
Life is seeing the glory on high,
Life is to trust and not to grope,
Life is hope.

Life is days and years well spent,
Life is peace with a heart content,
Life is a soul on goodness bent,
Life is the will of the Father above,
Life is love.

A CONTRAST

I met an old, old man today,
Whose age had brought no peace,
Fear and regret in his heart held sway,
He complained of the years' increase.

He mourned because of failing powers,
Found fault with his bitter lot.
He found no joy in the passing hours,
And the future cheered him not.

I thought on the wretched, poor old man:
Is such the goal of life?
And though we strive as best we can,
Is this the end of the strife?

* * * * *

Another old, old man I met,
Whose feeble steps were slow,
But the look on his face I shall ne'er forget,
'Twas bright with a heavenly glow.

He told how the years had been full of good,
Of the peace that filled his soul,
Of life now better understood,
As he neared its wonderful goal.

I was glad for this happy, dear old man,
Who showed me the beautiful way,
That more and more, through life's brief span,
Shines on to the perfect day.

WHEN DOES GROWING OLD BEGIN?

There comes a time when men are old,
When th' years are gone as a tale that's told,
And hopes of earth no more unfold,
And life is touched with a winter's cold;
But tell, if you with the wise have been,
 When does growing old begin?

When forty years of life have fled,
And the noon-day sun is over head,
And some of the hopes of youth are dead,
Though life moves on with a steady tread,
And the heart is brave and strong within,
 Does growing old from here begin?

Or if we wait till fifty years,
Have come and gone with hopes and fears,
With heights of joy and vales of tears,
And life's maturer fruit appears,
Is this the place, life's great divide,
 Where growing old comes to abide?

Or let full three score years go by,
And the sun move on to the western sky,
And the heart for old time friends oft sigh,
While dreams of the past bedew the eye,
And a calm is found in the strife and din,
 Does growing old from here begin?

Then come the three score years and ten,
The allotted time on earth for men,
Ere dust to dust returns again;
Shall we go on our course till then,
Before on life we loose our hold,
 To begin the work of growing old?

This thought arises in the mind,
It may have never been designed,
The answer to our quest to find,
By counting years that lie behind,
Perhaps by these it is not told,
When man begins his growing old.

Perhaps it is the whitening hair,
The wrinkled face and brow of care,
The body bent with toiling where,
The burdens have been hard to bear,
That are the signs man cannot shun,
Which tell of growing old begun.

But some insist, and this thought cheers,
'Tis not determined by the years,
Nor how the face or form appears,—
Begone our dread and all our fears,—
But by the life within 'tis told,
Whether or not man's growing old.

If this be true, let hair grow gray,
Let time rush on day after day,
Let feet grow weary in the way,
And youth and strength refuse to stay,
Our song of joy shall still be sung:
The heart may evermore be young.

MOTHERHOOD

Of all the calls to mortals given,
To share the richest gifts of heaven,
The one that brings the highest good,
Is that of holy motherhood.

There's many a fading earthly crown,
Of honor power and renown,
The crown that shall forever shine,
Is that of motherhood divine.

The price is great this crown to gain,
There's a valley dark and full of pain,
And only those who there have been,
This crown of motherhood can win.

It's worth the price however great,
To gain this holy blest estate,
And know what can't be understood,
The mystery of motherhood.

TOGETHER

The years are passing on, dear wife,
The days are going fast,
And much of life with hopes and fears,
Belongs now to the past,
We shrink somewhat from growing old,
And scarce restrain the tears,
And wish we might some measures find,
To stay the tide of years.

But when we stop to think it o'er,
New courage fills the soul,
When we remember that we two,
Together seek the goal,
The one does not the other leave,
Behind upon the way,
But side by side we journey on,
The same course day by day.

If you are growing older, wife,
As time is passing by,
There's comfort in this thought for us,
If you are, so am I,
If we can only thus be spared,
To share the years together
We'll keep brave hearts and happy be,
Though dark or fair the weather.

CHILDHOOD AND OLD AGE

(Written for a Birthday Party)

The one is ninety-two, the other only three,
A grand old man a robust boy,
Fast friends as they can be.
The one is looking back o'er many years now fled,
While eagerly the other looks
To days that lie ahead.

Their birthdays lie apart only a single day,
But milestones eighty-nine divide,
Their places on the way;
And yet across these years how readily they meet,
And age and youth united here,
Each other fondly greet.

The one has run a race beyond what most men run,
And all along this lengthy course,
His work has been well done
His earthly life far spent, eternity is near,
His hope is bright, his faith is strong
And he knows naught of fear.

He's kept the Christian's faith, a good fight he has
fought
And for the Master whom he serves,
He faithfully has wrought;
He's on the shining way that bright and brighter
grows,
Until the end of life is reached,
And glory crowns its close.

The future for the child is full of promise bright,
With Christian home and loving hands
To guide his steps aright,
We trust and pray for him that through the coming
days,
He like the other may be true,
In all life's changing ways.

And that he too may see the passing years increase,
Until he finds a ripe old age,
Rich in the fruits of peace.
And may they meet beyond where gladdest notes
are sung,
Where years no longer multiply,
And all are ever young.

LANGUAGE WITHOUT WORDS

There's a language that is richer,
Than the ear has ever heard,
And the meaning is far deeper,
Than can be made known by word.

Eyes, although no voice possessing,
Can the inner life express,
And the heart's most precious secrets
Unto others may confess.

Lips require no words for telling
What by no one need be missed,
As so plainly they are saying,
'Tis designed they should be kissed.

And a friendly, cordial hand-clasp
May a thrill of joy impart,
While it speaks and tells another,
Of a warmth that's in the heart.

Looks and actions may speak louder,
Than one's words can ever do,
And the message they are telling,
Is a message that is true.

THE YOUTH OF OLD AGE

(Written to a Brother)

We are in that decade in the journey of life,
We have reached that particular stage,
Between fifty and sixty in the course of the strife,
That is called "The Youth of Old Age"
The years that are past have gone very fast
But were all with experience rife.

The dead line of which we so often had read,
Was not there when we came to the place,
But rather a line of life in its stead,
With new courage and strength for the race;
Hope still fills the soul as we press toward the goal,
And we see rich blessings ahead.

"The Youth of Old Age" has ambitions and dreams,
As the currents of life onward flow,
But a calm broods over the face of the streams
Unknown in the days long ago,
There's a gracious increase of the things that bring
peace,
And eternity's dawn brighter gleams.

There's a mellower light that falls on the fields,
A tenderer note in the air,
And deeper the truth that all nature yields,
Than we found ere the heart knew a care.
We are more thoughtful grown there's a kindlier
tone,
And our life more patience reveals.

We have toiled and wrought in the heat of the day,
The fever of life has burned in our veins,
The tumult of strife has borne us away;
We have eagerly sought transient gains
We have joined the throng that is rushing along,
And oft have our feet gone astray.

But "The Youth of Old Age" brings a clearing
of skies,
Things are seen in a far truer light,
The visions of life are enlarged to the eyes,
And the soul expands at the sight.
Life's meaning grows new, its perspective more
true,
And right hopes and ambitions arise.

A regret now and then finds a place in the heart,
And sometimes we sigh for the past,
And thoughts of the old age will a sadness impart,
Oh, why will the years go so fast?
Our powers must fail and the shadows prevail
A pang cuts the soul like a dart.

But be brave oh my heart for there's naught to dis-
may,

Every stage of the life we live here,
Is rich in its own special gifts for the way,
And there's nothing to cause thee to fear.
Life lived for the right does not lead into night,
But will shine more and more till the day.

WOMAN'S HIGHEST SPHERE

The Vestal virgins clad in white,
Engaged in sacred temple rite,
Around some holy shrine,
Were thought in days of long ago,
To be the highest type below,
Of womanhood divine.

Vivacious, rich and versatile,
Prepared the highest place to fill,
With beauty richly blest;
The social world is at her feet,
And many think when such they meet:
Here's woman at her best.

Upon the stage with wondrous skill,
She sways the multitude at will,
And moves and thrills the soul,
Her beauty rare in form and face,
Is here displayed with charm and grace:
Sure this is woman's goal.

The world is calling for reform,
And woman's heart is large and warm,
And open doors appear.
She fights the battles for the right,
And seeks to banish wrong's dark night
Is this her highest sphere?

Within the church a work is found,
Where love and sacrifice abound,
And woman shares it all,
She walks the paths the Master trod,
And helps to bring mankind to God,
Is there a nobler call?

There is a place that's higher still,
Which only woman's gifts can fill,
The highest sphere of life:
This crowning work of womankind,
Is found in these three words combined:
In mother, home and wife.

MEMORIES

ONLY A MEMORY NOW

The scenes that are gone come over the mind,
Like shadows from out of the past.
We look in our hearts and longings we find
For days which vanished so fast:
With a deep sense of loss in sorrow we bow,
For the past which is only a memory now.

Oh, could we but make our memories real,
And return to the scenes which are fled,
How often the heart-aches today we would heal,
With joys that once round us spread.
But they're gone from our reach we scarce can tell
how,
And all that is left is a memory now.

We cannot go back to a by-gone delight,
The past can never return,
But memories sweet may be angels of light,
To help us our lessons to learn:
Was yesterday blest? today may be too,
Tomorrow may come with joys anew.

LEAVING THE OLD HOME

'Tis hard to leave this dear old home of mine,
The home of many years,
A thousand sweet sad thoughts today combine,
To fill my eyes with tears.

Each room is full of scenes of other days,
On these I look and then,
I long as thus I lingering sit and gaze,
To bring them back again.

And here I've watched and prayed and hoped and
planned,
And worked for loved ones dear,
And tried to do my part with heart and hand,
To make a true home here.

Now I must leave this home so dear to me,
My grief words cannot tell,
A profanation surely it will be,
For strangers here to dwell.

Yet while I leave this old sweet home today,
To enter it no more,
Its sacred scenes I'll keep with me away,
In memory's precious store.

LOST WATERTOWN

Dear old Watertown is gone,
The town that used to be,
We look in vain for a trace of it left,
Not a house nor a stone nor a tree.

The saw mill is gone, the pond and the dam,
And the song of the waterfall low,
Which we used to hear at the eventide,
In the days of the long ago.

The school house too at the turn of the road
Where we learned our A, B, C's
Has left no mark of the place where it stood
In the shade of the old elm trees.

But the hill is there where we used to slide,
They call it coasting now,
But we slid down hill in those good old days,
With little thought of the how.

The post office too is a thing of the past,
And the old stage coach so grand,
That brought the news from the battle front,
When war was in the land.

The old log house where first we lived,
The oldest house in town
Has gone the way of all the rest,
And was long ago torn down.

The old deep well which somebody dug,
A bottomless hole in the ground,
Had no water then has no water now,
For it's nowhere to be found.

The store is gone, that wonderful store,
Where everything was sold,
Dry-goods, groceries, boots and shoes,
And all that shelves could hold.

And the garden patch is also gone
Where the boys played the fool,
And citrons stole for melons ripe,
On their way from Sunday-school.

The basement walls of the grand hotel,
Which burned with a fearful blaze,
No longer tell of that awful loss,
As they did in the olden days.

The river still flows peacefully by,
The birds still sing at the dawn,
The sky is the same as in by-gone days,
But Watertown is gone.

There are many, many cities gone,
Engulfed in the tide of years,
But for Watertown, old Watertown,
We can't keep back the tears.

It's gone, yes gone and yet not gone,
On memory's map it's traced,
There it remains and will remain,
To never be erased.

THE OLD CHURN

There is one thing in my boyhood life,
For which my heart does not yearn
I'll speak it right out and tell you the truth,
I refer to that wretched old churn.

That old time churn was a terror to see,
'Twas not made as churns are today,
With wheels and cranks and all sorts of things,
To help pass the time away.

A cover it had with a central hole,
And a dash that worked up and down,
And we had to work it and work it and work,
Till tired from our feet to our crown.

There was something wrong with the cream in
those days,

You could work till your arms were numb,
And churn away for an hour or two,
And the butter would not come.

You could pour in water both hot and cold,
And try to compel it to gather,
With no more signs of butter in sight,
Than if the old stuff had been lather.

And how it would spatter up into your face,
And get all over the floor,
And muss up your clothes; when you tried to churn
right,
It seemed to act worse than before.

The fishing was good and the weather was fine,
But duty could not be shirked,
There was a blockade to the harbor of bliss,
That churn-dash had to be worked.

We used to take turns, my brother and I;
Sometimes we would go by the clock,
Again we would count the times up and down
Of the dash in that old earthen crock.

It always did seem that his time was too short,
And mine distressingly long,
I always was careful to keep my count right,
He often thought it was wrong.

Again we would work, both at the same time,
And then we would make the churn hum,
There was something else we wanted to do,
That must wait till the butter had come.

The youth of today very grateful should be,
The old churn no longer has place,
And they do not make the butter they eat,
With the wearisome sweat of their face.

There may have been discipline in that old churn,
That was good for both body and soul,
It possibly strengthened us some for our work,
And helped in the race toward life's goal.

And yet it is true as I said at the first,
My heart has not one single yearn
For that hated contrivance of days long ago,
That spattering old earthen churn.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Some love to tell of the good old days,
And dwell in scenes that are past,
Forgetting the work that is pressing now,
And the needs that are crowding fast.

They shut their eyes to the present good,
And see the present decay,
They laud the work of by-gone years,
Neglecting the calls of to-day.

Not thus do they who the Master heed,
Who follow His footsteps true,
With face to the front they forward press,
With greater work to do.

THE BOOTS FATHER MADE

*(In our pioneer home in Iowa during the long
winter evenings Father used to make
boots for the boys)*

I remember them yet,
And shall never forget,
Till life's sun is set,
The boots father made.

They were made of good leather,
And were well put together,
For all kinds of weather,
The boots father made.

They were not made for blacking,
But could stand the hard whacking,
Which never was lacking,
The boots father made.

They had good honest soles,
With no inside holes,
Filled with paper rolls,
The boots father made.

They were not much for style,
But were free from all guile,
And would wear a long while,
The boots father made.

They had tops good and high,
Beating those that you buy,
And would keep your feet dry,
The boots father made.

They had good leather straps,
Not flimsy cloth flaps,
And strongly pegged taps,
The boots father made.

They were not spike-toed,
And were all hand sewed,
And could stand a hard road,
The boots father made.

They wore holes in the socks,
But could stand the hard knocks,
And all kinds of shocks,
The boots father made.

We were all glad to wear,
And no matter where,
For why should we care?—
The boots father made.

THE OLD CRADLE

It was not made of reeds nor of light flimsy stuff,
But out of good walnut well seasoned and tough,
It was made to endure hard knock after knock,
With its rockety, rockety, rockety rock.

Its foot board was low, its head board was high,
Its side boards were sloped as this would imply,
In this plain old cradle nearly all of the flock,
Went rockety, rockety, rockety, rock.

For many a year it never had rest,
With numerous babes the old home was blessed,
And it worked away like the faithful old clock,
With its rockety, rockety, rockety, rock.

When evening came or when baby cried,
Then mother would come and sit by its side,
And sing as she sewed on a much needed frock,
To the rockety, rockety, rockety, rock.

Into that cradle we often would creep,
With a "rock me to sleep Ma, rock me to sleep"
Then quickly sleep came all the doors to fast lock,
At the sweet lull-a-by and the rockety, rock.

But mother was pressed with her manifold cares,
Washing and cooking and mending of tears,
She hadn't the time to care for the flock,
And do all the rockety, rockety, rock.

I've sat by that cradle sad and depressed,
I wanted to play and go out like the rest,
I watched the slow hands of the old family clock,
And rock-e-ty, rock-e-ty, rock-e-ty, rock.

I would oft stop to see if the babe were asleep,
And slyly begin for the back door to creep,
When the child would awake with a terrible squawk,
And back I would go to the rockety rock.

Into that cradle we all used to climb,
Now two and now three of us all at a time,
Then it would receive a wrench and shock,
With a rockety, rockety, rockety, rock.

Oft tired with play, I've lain down to rest,
In that cradle so dear of all places the best,
I've swung back and forth with a tickety tock,
And gone off to dream land rockety, rock.

The old cradle is gone worn out with long use,
And possibly hastened with a little abuse,
But we love it the best of the old household stock,
And will never forget its rockety, rock.

And when life is done and death draweth near,
May we peacefully then with nothing to fear,
As in the old cradle without any shock,
Fall sweetly to sleep, with a rockety, rock.

I WOULD LIKE TO FORGET

I would like to forget some things that are past,
And recall them again nevermore.
Far away, far away, forever I'd cast
Some things from memory's store.

I would like to forget some things I have done,
That I never can hope to make right,
But memory brings them again one by one,
Like specters from out of the night.

I would like to forget some things I have heard,
Of friends who are dear to me,
I fain would believe they never occurred,
That my friends from such things are free.

I would like to forget the unkind deeds,
Of those I had learned to trust
For the wound in my heart often still bleeds,
With memory's bitter thrust.

But shall I give way to fruitless regret,
And long for what never can be?
Suppose that I could all these things forget
Would that be the best thing for me?

If forgiven I'd be as I also forgive
Have a heart on sympathy set,
And a life of kindness and charity live,
Then surely I must not forget.

DEAR OLD ROCK "CRICK"

When time long ago in memory returns,
And for scenes that are past the soul fondly yearns,
My eyes will grow dim and my heart grow home-
sick,
To enjoy again dear old Rock "Crick."

With the boys again I'd play many a prank,
Dig holes in the sand, climb Hubbard's steep bank,
And then in the water would paddle and kick,
With no end of fun in the dear old "crick."

I'd walk on the stones at the old beaver dam,
And look in the sand for the track of the clam,
And go on the banks where plums grew so thick,
And choke cherries too by the dear old "crick."

I'd set traps again to catch the muskrat,
And believe all I heard of the frightful wild-cat,
That could eat up a boy and any dog lick,
And lived in the dens in the ledge by the "crick."

I'd go up again to "Torgeson's Ford,"
And find pretty stones to add to my hoard,
Eat leeks and wild onions and never get sick,
For a fountain of health was the dear old "crick."

I'd go fishing again and catch without fear,
All kinds of fish I was able to spear,
For there was no need to choose and to pick,
The fish were all good in the dear old "crick."

I'd go swimming again in "Peteron's Hole,"
I'd spatter and dive and in the sand roll,—
Ah, me! it's no wonder my heart grows homesick,
For the boys and the fun and dear old Rock
 "Crick."

IF ONLY I COULD

The unkind word which in anger and haste I spoke,
 Bringing sorrow and pain to a friend,
I now would gladly recall and forgiveness invoke,
 And try the wrong to amend,
 If only I could.

I'd go back o'er many long days that are past,
 And correct the failures I've made,
And over the years that are gone a new record
 would cast,
 And remove the darkness and shade,
 If only I could.

The bright and joyful scenes of the days gone by,
 That so quickly passed away,
I now would gladly bring back and would earnestly
 try
 To keep them for many a day,
 If only I could.

But the past is gone and is now far beyond my
 recall,
 I will not indulge vain regret,
But will turn to the future and meet what'er may
 befall,
 Make the most of what I have yet,
 If only I can.

HE FAILED

At first he worked and planned and tried to win,
And for a time he met with some success,
But when there came the times of strain and stress,
To seek an easier way he did begin;
The burdens of his lot he oft bewailed,
He lost his hope and courage for the strife,
A derelict upon the sea of life,
He drifted on unto the end: he failed.

We pass life's course but once, and when 'tis done,
When all the days and years are left behind,
We must accept what at the end we find,
There's no return the race again to run,
If at the end it's true that naught availed
Success and victory to give, 'tis then
Are said the saddest words of "tongue or pen":
He had his chance in life's great work and failed.

EVER ONWARD

Sometimes amid the passing years of life,
I am disposed to cease my active strife,
And for the things ahead no longer try,
 But live in scenes gone by.

When I am tired grown upon the way,
And do not want the call of a new day;
In memory's fairest fields I would make quest,
 For some sweet place to rest.

And yet I know to this I must not yield,
I must push on and enter each new field,
Forgetting that behind for that before,
 And onward evermore.

The hand unto the plow to turn the sod
Is put, he is not fit to serve his God,
Who then turns back and sees no good ahead,
 But seeks the past instead.

I then must gird myself for coming tasks,
Must face the questions which the future asks.
The past may helpful lessons to me give,
 But for the future I must live.

A HAWKEYE'S LONGINGS

(Read at an Iowa Pic-nic, Fresno, Calif.)

I would like to go back to my boyhood days,
For awhile at any rate,
And live in life's bright morning rays,
In my native Hawkeye state.

I would roam all over the dear old farm
As I did in days long ago,
And would feel again the wonderful charm
Of nature with life all aglow.

I would drink again of the sparkling spring
That flowed at the foot of the hill,
I would listen to hear the Meadow lark sing,
And the notes of the Whip-poor-will.

To the district school I would go once more,
To prepare life's course to run,
For an hour or two would "stand on the floor"
For a taste of the old time fun.

My brother and I for the cows would go,
And prairies and woodlands roam,
And the places hunt where the wild fruits grow,
Till the cows found their own way home.

I would like to see a storm cloud roll,
Up over the western sky,
While its grandeur filled with awe my soul,
As the forces contended on high.

I would look and see the lightnings flash,
Hear the wind in its rush and roar,
Hear peal on peal of the thunder's crash,
And the rain in its wild down-pour.

On a summer's day I would like to stroll,
On the banks of old Rock Creek,
And then take a plunge in the swimming hole,
Find a joy that tongue cannot speak.

Let me go once more to a melon patch,
And "eat the fruit of the vine"
From the luscious, red and juicy core
Clear down to the hard green rind.

With the boys I would a fishing go,
With boat and torch and spear,
And fish all night till the ruddy glow,
Of morning should appear.

Then tired and wet and not laden down,
With fish we would take our way,
To meet at home parental frown,
And the wearisome work of the day.

A winter's day, O give to me,
And a breath of its keen crisp, air,
The Sun-dogs too, I would like to see,
And the sparkling snow everywhere.

And then down hill I would like to slide ,
On a board or the old hand-sled,
With the snapping frost on every side,
And the full moon overhead.

I wish I could go to a spelling school,
And ride in a Bob-sled load,
Where the boys and girls held joyful rule,
For miles o'er a country road.

I would like to have a "cutter" ride,
Through woods and snowy dells,
With my very best girl just close at my side,
To the music of the bells.

But why need I try to tell it all,
There's more than can be told,
It's a glad and a sad and a tender call,
That comes from those scenes of old.

And now we live in the Golden West,
And we have come to stay,
But we love old Iowa none the less,
And honor her name today.

We're Hawkeyes true who are gathered here,
Our birth-right we'll not sell,
But will give a three-fold rousing cheer
For the state we love so well.

REVERIES AND LONGINGS

THE RIVER OF TIME

What a wonderful stream is the River of Time,
As it flows onward through every country and
clime,

Wars are waged and wars cease,
Nations rise and are gone,
The ages increase
And the River flows on.

This River of Time bears us all on its wave,
With never a stop from cradle to grave.

With our hopes and our fears,
Joys coming and going,
'Mid laughter and tears,
The River keeps flowing.

The River of Time takes its wonderful way,
Through the valleys of night and the mountains of
day,

Through the sweet fields of morn
Where life is all glowing,
Where beauty is born,
The River is flowing.

Through the fair plains of peace and the woods of
despair,
Through the regions of bliss and the dark haunts
of care,

In sunlight and shade,
Its current ne'er slowing
While hopes glow and fade,
The River keeps flowing.

But this River of Time flows on toward the shore,
Where the increase of years shall be counted no
more,
Where eternity's chime,
Marks the end of all strife,
And the River of Time
Is the River of Life.

NO GROWING OLD

There really is no growing old,
For Life itself cannot decay,
It changes and its powers unfold,
But Life can never pass away.

What we are wont to call old age,
And shrink from with a chill of dread,
Is nothing but a higher stage,
As Life moves on to things ahead.

Life is of God: God cannot die,
Nor fail before the passing years.
Eternal vigor dwells on high,
And Earth should have no doubts and fears.

Then do not speak of failing powers,
But let the Truth the clouds dispel,
For endless growth, not death, is ours,
For God is Life and all is well.

A BIRTH-DAY PRAYER

O Lord, I shrink from growing old,
I dread the thought of coming years,
The days are gone "as a tale that's told,"
I scarce repress the rising tears,
O Lord, on this my natal day,
For strength I pray.

I know not what may lie ahead,
Of joy and peace, of toil and care,
Upon my path may light be shed,
And give me grace my lot to bear,
I know I'm blind and prone to stray,
Lead me I pray.

Past years have been replete with good,
And Thou hast kept me in Thy love,
Help me to trust Thee as I should,
And know there's always help above.
Thy mercy, Lord, to me impart,
Possess my heart,

I would not dread the coming years,
I know that Thou wilt order all,
Keep me, I pray, from needless fears,
And in whatever may be-fall,
Sustain me as the years increase,
Grant me Thy peace.

LOVE'S CALL

Love came and bade me follow,
And gladly I obeyed,
 With ready feet,
 In pathways sweet,
I went of naught afraid.

Love filled my heart with gladness,
And thrilled me with delight,
 I found my life,
 With blessings rife,
My skies were fair and bright.

Love wakened in me feelings,
Unknown to me before,
 Brought anxious tears,
 And haunting fears,
And many heart-aches sore.

Love bade me not be selfish,
Yet caused me to aspire,
 To know in full,
 Love's gracious rule,
And seek my heart's desire.

Love led me in the valley,
Where paths of grief I trod,
 Dark was the cloud,
 My soul was bowed,
As I passed 'neath the rod.

Love came and bade me follow
I hearkened to the call,
I'm glad I did,
Though th' way was hid,
Love's way is best of all.

Love sweetens every trial,
Brings sunshine after rain,
But he who yields
To love's appeals,
Must also find love's pain.

Love stirs and calms emotions,
And wondrous lessons gives,
To life it brings,
The best of things,
And makes one glad he lives.

THE PARTING OF FRIENDS

In the passing of the days,
Comes the parting of the ways,
When are said good-byes.
Then is realized the worth,
Of the truest things of earth:
Friendship's holy ties.

Why must true friends ever part,
Causing grief to fill the heart?
Why must paths divide?
Why not journey day by day,
With each other all the way?
Why not thus abide?

Thus the heart keeps crying out
'Gainst the changes brought about,
By the restless years.
But there's no way friends can go,
Where no farewells they will know,
And no parting tears.

But there's comfort even here,
In this thought so full of cheer:
Friendship never ends.
Friends may part but if they're true,
They are friends the whole course through:
Friends are always friends.

Friends may part but friendship's power
Blesses still each passing hour,
With its gracious aid.
Though friends go afar apart,
They remain within the heart,
Where a place they've made.

Friends must part and say good-bye,
Lonely days their souls may try,
And rough paths the feet,
But true friends should not despair,
For sometime, somehow, somewhere,
They again shall meet.

WAITING

Waiting, waiting, who can measure,
All the weary, weary hours,
Days in which there is no pleasure,
But sore taxing of one's powers?

Waiting on in pain and weakness,
Doubtful what the end will be,
Trying hard to wait in meekness
Though the way one cannot see.

Waiting while the days are endless,
And the nights are longer still,
Waiting when the heart seems friendless,
And the soul forebodings fill.

Waiting while the heart is yearning,
For the things beyond its reach,
Waiting and so slowly learning,
What a Father's love would teach.

Waiting still and asking whether,
As the soul bows neath the rod,
Do all things now work together,
For his good who loves his God?

Waiting, longing, looking, hoping,
For the coming of the day,
That will end all doubt and groping,
When the shadows flee away.

THE PATHOS OF LIFE

Oh the groping stumbling, falling,
Of the poor and weak and blind,
Souls that hopelessly are reaching,
After what they cannot find.

With their starved and helpless yearnings,
Without knowing what they need,
They lay hold of what is nearest,
Giving little thought or heed.

Hard conditions press upon them,
Darkness crowding out the light,
Till before they know the danger,
They have strayed from paths of right.

And they realize but vaguely,
What the truer life may mean,
Still their pleading eyes keep looking,
For the good they have not seen.

Oh the pity and the pathos,
Of these narrow broken lives,
With the blight of death upon them,
While a hungry heart survives.

Is this all that life has for them?
Must they live but to be crushed?
Must the cry for God within them,
Be at last forever hushed?

I am come declared the Master,
As He faced despair and strife,
I am come that all the needy,
May receive abundant life.

And He said it was his mission,
Prison doors should opened be,
And that captives bound and helpless,
Should rejoicing be set free.

Can we call him Lord and Master,
And profess to do his will,
All unmindful of the captives,
That are all about us still?

We must live to make life better,
And true freedom to enhance,
And to give to all earth's needy,
Here and now a worthy chance.

Let us enter then the conflict,
Pushing everywhere the strife,
For the coming of the Kingdom,
And the Christ abounding life.

A FRIEND LOVETH AT ALL TIMES

Proverbs 17:17

At times when life is free from wrong,
And all is sweet as a springtime song,
And joy is found on every side,
As happy hours thus onward glide,
A friend loveth.

At times when burdens multiply,
And clouds shut out the radiant sky,
While paths are rough and hard to tread,
The soul beset with fear and dread,
A friend loveth.

At times when hearts are crushed and sore,
And there seems no need of trying more,
Mistakes and sin beset the way
And the night seems ne'er to bring the day,
A friend loveth.

At times when hope and faith revive,
And the soul for higher things doth strive,
When God binds up the broken heart,
And new desires doth impart,
A friend loveth.

At all times then be what they may
Though bright or gloomy be the day,
Though hearts may bleed or hearts may sing,
What e'er this changing life may bring,
A friend loveth.

THE HOLY OF HOLIES

In every heart is an inner door,
By outside foot untrod,
For none can pass that threshold o'er,
No one but self and God.

The room within is a sacred place,
Deceit ne'er enters there,
There self and Truth meet face to face,
And motives are laid bare.

Burdens are borne within that room,
As the soul bows 'neath the rod,
And passes through the vale of gloom,
Known but to self and God.

A light is often shining there,
"Ne'er seen on sea or land"
Which fills the room with radiance rare,
Borne by an unseen hand.

'Tis the holiest of the holy place,
Where the soul must come unshod,
This room shut off from time and space,
The meeting place with God.

JUST OVER THE RIVER

A calm pervades the earth and the sky,
A fragrance fills the air,
A mellow light is shed from on high,
There's beauty every where.

A blissful rest comes over the soul,
A sense of infinite peace,
While billows of love unceasingly roll,
And rapturous joys increase.

And strains of music, subdued and sweet,
Surcharged with mysterious force,
In symphonies soothing, entrancing meet,
Poured forth from an unseen source.

O music, and peace and life-laden air,
As sweet as a violet's breath:
All this is the joy and beauty so rare,
Just over the River of Death.

OLD AGE

I stand and gaze upon a land that lies ahead,
I cannot tell how near,
I shrink from it and in my soul there is a dread,
A strange depressing fear.

It seems to be a land of gloom and clouds and tears,
"Old Age" its name they call,
A land that's burdened with the weight of many
years,
Where weakness comes to all.

A land of sighs for days that never can come back,
Of loneliness and grief,
Of faltering step, of eyes grown dim: and constant
 lack,
Of strength to bring relief.

A land where powers fail, desire and courage wane;
The thrill of life is past,
Ambition finds there's little left for man to gain,
Earth's day is ebbing fast.

I look more closely to this land which lies before;
I see a wondrous way
A plain and beautiful path that shineth more and
 more,
Unto the perfect day.

Within this way are faith and hope and love and
 peace,
And service still to do,
A way where prayer and trust and charity increase,
And hearts are brave and true.

And so when to this land I come I'll fear no foes,
In darkness I'll not roam,
For I will walk the way that bright and brighter
 grows
Until I reach my home.

THE UNATTAINED

We long and long for the unattained,
For that which passes speech,
We look until our eyes are pained,
At what we cannot reach.

As Moses saw from Pisgah's heights
A land of beauty rare,
And longed to taste of its delights,
But could not enter there:

So we behold rich promised lands,
So near, yet far away,
And often reach out eager hands,
Impatient of delay.

We're hampered now, the soul is chained,
But some day we'll be free,
And then we'll reach the unattained,
And have what ought to be.

WHERE THE SUN GOES DOWN

I've climbed all through the morning hours,
And found delight in my vigorous powers,
But now I've reached the great divide,
And am looking out on the other side,
I see afar where the trees grow brown,
And beyond are the hills
Where the sun goes down.

I see many heights for me yet to climb,
And beautiful plains to rest for a time,
But a distant vale in the road ahead,
Begets in my soul a sense of dread,
And beyond are the woods which seem to frown,
And the hills look dark,
Where the sun goes down.

But as I gaze on the distant scene,
And the winding road that lies between,
I recall the races the athletes run,
And think of the laurels often won;
I too may receive a victor's crown,
 At the distant hills,
 Where the sun goes down.

And so I cross life's great divide,
And as I pass to the other side,
My heart grows strong with hope and cheer,
And I leave behind all doubt and fear,
The vale and the woods no longer frown,
 And the hills grow light,
 Where the sun goes down.

THE LAND OF BEAUTIFUL DREAMS

I've wandered afar, where mysteries are,
 Through woodlands and cities and plains,
I've feasted my eyes under glorious skies,
 And my ears have been filled with sweet strains,
 In the Land of Beautiful Dreams.

There are castles of clouds that sunshine enshrouds,
 Where angels of glory dwell,
There floats on the air a fragrance so rare,
 No words can its charms fully tell,
 In the Land of Beautiful Dreams.

In this bright land of dreams, there are rippling
 streams
 That flow over sands of pure gold,
There are mountains of wealth, and valleys of
 health,
And wonders that cannot be told,
 In the Land of Beautiful Dreams.

Naught ever goes wrong and life's a glad song,
And peace and plenty prevail,
Friends always are true, whatever they do,
And love and devotion ne'er fail,
In the Land of Beautiful Dreams.

In this dream-land so fair there is nowhere a care,
And tears have never been seen,
No heart can be sad, for nothing is bad,
But all is joy serene,
In the Land of Beautiful Dreams.

It may be a dream, and yet it does seem,
These dreams will at last all come true,
And all will be well, while forever we dwell,
'Mid scenes where life's always new,
In the Land of Beautiful Dreams.

A VISION

I stood on the stormy shores of time,
And looked across the stream,
And saw the hills of eternity's clime,
Where the rays of glory gleam.
And as I looked with raptured gaze,
The stream intervened no more,
I heard sweet notes of beautiful lays,
And I stood on the other shore.
I felt a thrill of heavenly bliss,
Which words cannot express,
The air was pure as a mother's kiss,
And sweet as love's caress.
A charm was there which cannot be told,
In flowers and fields and skies,
A soothing light, like a shimmer of gold,
Fell as a balm on my eyes.

A voice I heard in the heavenly throng,
That recalled the days of my youth,
When mother sang the old sweet song
Of the Saviour's love and truth.
And then I sat in a beautiful place,
Beneath a spreading tree,
And mother came with radiant face,
And sat and talked with me.
She was the same she used to be
And yet so strangely fair,
For not a mark of age could I see,
Nor any trace of care.
She told me of the loved ones dear,
Within the heavenly land,
And of the joy without a fear
In all that happy band.
She said the family circle there,
Was growing with the years,
And told of each one's welcome share
Beyond the vale of tears.
She spoke,—while a shadow came to her face,
“Let none of the dear ones roam
Away from Christ and fail in the race
To reach the heavenly home,
For oh,” said she, “the heaven so fair,
Would lose somewhat of bliss,
If from our family circle there,
We one at last should miss.”

And then we stood at a palace door,
And the glory saw within,
Where pain and death are known no more,
And where there is no sin.
Words are too feeble things to tell
The wonders of that place
The mansions where the ransomed dwell,

Prepared by heaven's grace.
I looked and saw among the blest,
My friends and loved ones dear,
And cries of joy I scarce repressed,
And eagerly drew near.
"No, no, not now," my mother said,
"Your course is not yet run,
The path of earth you still must tread,
Your work is not yet done,"
The door then closed and every gleam
Of glory passed away,
I stood again this side the stream,
To work and watch and pray.

IN SOMEWAY AT SOMETIME

*One who had been deeply bereaved wrote: "I
feel that somehow God will sometime clear up these
things which now seem so mysterious to us"*

Though strange be this life with its hope and its
fear,
And enveloped in darkness is much we see here,
Though the chill hand of Death seems always so
near,
To take from our homes our loved ones so dear,
And the dark clouds of sadness so often appear,
Yet in somehow at sometime,
All will be clear.

Though the way may be hard, full of anguish and
 pain,
In the Valley of Sorrow where tears fall like rain;
Though bursting well nigh is the poor throbbing
 brain,
As it struggles for light and it seems all in vain,
 Yet in someway at sometime,
 All will be plain.

Though we seem all forsaken to battle alone
With nobody near to hear the heart's groan,
As it pours forth its anguish in piteous tone,
And the echo comes back a sorrowful moan;
Yet a Father is near and we are His own,
 And in someway at sometime,
 All will be known.

Give us faith, oh our God, every doubt to repel,
That all of life's trials thy goodness may tell;
Then in trustful assurance we'll constantly dwell,
And bear all our burdens and say "It is well,"
 Since in Thy way at Thy time,
 The clouds Thou'lt dispel.

BE PATIENT

O child of earth, with cares beset,
And prone to anxious be,
Do not thy Source of help forget,
Thy Father cares for thee;
Be patient.

Though long the road which thou must go,
And weary thou hast grown,
And what's ahead thou dost not know;
Yet thou art not alone;
Be patient.

Though dark the clouds and rough the way,
'Tis better further on,
Thy course leads to a brighter day,
And soon will come the dawn;
Be patient.

All things for good together work,
To them who love their God,
Then duty's call do thou ne'er shirk,
The saints hard paths have trod;
Be patient.

Though weeping may for the night endure,
And grief the soul employ,
"Earth has no pain Heaven cannot cure,"
The morning bringeth joy;
Be patient.

SONGS OF THE HEART

THE CRY OF THE SOUL

O Lord, I want so much of Thee,
That there will be no place in me,
For weakness doubt or sin,
I want Thy strength in me complete,
That there may be a sure defeat
Of every foe within.

O Lord, give me thy life I pray,
In such rich measure day by day,
Within this mortal frame,
That from all pain I may be free,
And find my health and strength in Thee,
From whom my being came.

I want, O Lord, Thy Spirit's power,
Revealed in me each passing hour,
That I may do Thy will,
And every task assigned to me
Do with a heart of love to Thee,
And thus life's work fulfil.

And when I reach the close of life,
And leave behind its years of strife,
Let not my courage fail.
Oh, be Thou there in my behalf,
And comfort with Thy rod and staff,
And lead me through the Vale.

CONFESSION

O Lord I know my feet are slow,
Thy course to fully run,
And many a day 'tis hard to say:
Thy will not mine be done.

My soul still clings to worldly things,
I am not wholly free,
My stubborn heart keeps back a part
Of what belongs to Thee.

And yet I long freed from all wrong,
To Thee my all to give,
And by Thy grace give Thee Thy place,
And unto Thee to live.

And so I pray, O Lord hold sway,
Within this heart of mine,
Help me to yield th' entire field,
And so be wholly Thine.

GIVE ME PEACE

Isa. 26:3

Lord I would know thy perfect peace,
Would find the place where all fears cease
And where my troubled heart can rest,
With anxious cares no more oppressed;
O Lord help me to rest in Thee.

I'm weary of the clouds and storms,
Of vain pursuits and empty forms,
Of things which fail to satisfy,
While cares and troubles multiply,
The years increase, Lord give me peace.

I've worked and rushed and toiled and sweat.
And felt life's anxious wear and fret;
I've failed in much that I have sought,
And oft in vain my tasks have wrought;
Oh, let this cease, and give me peace.

I want to feel upon my brow,
Thy soothing touch and know somehow,
That Thou are always near,
And there is naught to dread or fear;
Lord to my heart this peace impart.

Thou keepest him from all care free
In perfect peace, who trusts in Thee,
Help me on Thee my mind to stay,
And fully trust each passing day;
Then peace like Thine, Lord, shall be mine.

SATISFIED

Psalm 17:15

Can this restless heart of mine,
Longing for the things untried,
Can this thirsty hungry heart,
By and by be satisfied?

Can my needy soul be fed
And all wants be so supplied
That with joy I can exclaim;
I am fully satisfied?

There is One whose peace is promised,
One who is a faithful guide,
Who will lead me to the fountains
Where I shall be satisfied.

In a land of perfect beauty,
Where no ill can e'er betide
Face to face my Saviour seeing
I shall there be satisfied.

Patiently I'll toil onward,
In His love I'll here abide,
In His likeness there awaking,
I shall then be satisfied.

With Thy likeness, oh the wonder,
What more could I ask beside?
With Thy likeness, blessed Saviour,
I'll be fully satisfied.

GOD IS LOVE

Sweeter words were never spoken,
Than this message from above,
Full of mercy for the erring,
Rich in blessing. "God is love."

"God is love" and I will trust Him,
Weak and sinful though I be,
He knows how to have compassion,
"God is love," He loveth me.

When the heart is worn and weary,
And the burdens hard to bear,
"God is love" gives strength and courage,
There is comfort in His care.

"God is love," my heart responsive,
To the heart throbs from above
Yields unto His gracious power,
And is moved and filled with love.

COME UNTO ME

Soul by sin and guilt oppressed,
Thou canst be supremely blest,
Christ can cleanse thee from all sin,
Make thee clean and pure within,
Hearken to His gracious plea:
"Sinner come, Oh come to me."

Art thou weary of the strife,
Burdened with the cares of life?
Tired of the fruitless quest,
After things that bring no rest?
Hear the Saviour speak to thee:
"Weary child, come unto me."

Blind and groping in the night,
Seeking but not gaining light,
Dost thou long the truth to find,
Doubt and error leave behind?
Christ can make the blind to see,
And He says: "Come unto me."

Art thou prone to go astray,
Often stumbling in the way?
Yielding to the powers of wrong,
Weak instead of brave and strong?
Christ is reaching out for thee,
"Child of weakness come to me."

Sad one filled with gloom and grief,
Finding naught to bring relief,
Walking in the vale of tears,
Where are cruel haunting fears,
Christ thy comforter would be,
"Child of sorrow come to me."

Come then every needy soul,
On him every burden roll,
He will grace and strength impart,
Meet the cry of every heart,
For His love is rich and free,
And he says "Come unto me."

MY HELPER

When the winds are raging,
And the waves are high,
And the night and darkness,
Overcast the sky,
Speak, O Saviour, speak to me,
Help me look and cling to Thee.

When my heart is troubled,
And I am depressed,
Having ill forebodings,
Finding naught of rest,
Come dear Saviour, come to me,
Help me trust and rest in Thee.

When my soul is burdened,
And I'm weary grown,
Prone to be discouraged,
Feeling all alone,
Draw me, Saviour, close to Thee;
Come, oh come, and comfort me.

When temptations threaten,
And the powers of sin,
Seek to find an entrance,
To my life within,
Haste, my Saviour, come to me,
Let me victory find in Thee.

Thus what e'er the trial,
There is help I know,
In my Saviour's presence,
Unto Him I'll go.
Saviour, Lord, I look to Thee,
Be Thou all in all to me.

A GRACIOUS PROMISE

"My Peace I Give Unto You"

In the midst of storm and struggle,
Here where trials never cease,
Come into my heart, Oh Saviour,
Come and give to me Thy peace.

I am tired of the conflicts,
Weary of the world's increase,
And I want Thy presence with me,
Come and fill me with Thy peace.

Keep me free from doubt and worry,
And from sorrow give surcease,
Come, dear Saviour, with Thy comfort,
Let me know Thy blessed peace.

Let my mind be stayed upon Thee,
And Thy grace in me increase,
Till I trust in full assurance,
Resting in Thy perfect peace.

NO MORE SEA

(*Rev. 21:1-4*)

No more heart aches, no good-byes,
No more rending love's sweet ties,
From loneliness forever free,
No more sea,
No more sea.

No more weakness, no more pains,
No more prisons, no more chains,
No longing for what cannot be,
No more sea,
No more sea.

No more hatred, no more strife,
No more sacrifice of life,
Men no more will disagree,
No more sea,
No more sea.

* * * * *

No more weakness, no more sharing,
In laborious burden bearing,
No more weariness and strain,
No more pain,
No more pain.

No more sinning, no more failing,
No more crying, no more wailing,
No more loss but richest gain,
No more pain,
No more pain.

No more heart-aches, no more sighing,
No more sickness, no more dying,
 No more sorrow's sad refrain,
 No more pain,
 No more pain.

No unsightliness remaining,
Beauty everywhere attaining
 Perfect charms without a stain,
 No more pain,
 No more pain.

CRUCIFIED WITH CHRIST

(*Gal. 2:20*)

Here is pardon, peace and power,
Here's the Rock in which I hide,
Here is grace for every hour,
I with Christ am crucified.

Joined to Him by love's sweet tie,
Walking with Him by my side,
For Him I will live or die,
I with Christ am crucified.

When life's hopes and fears are past,
And I reach the river's side,
He'll be with me at the last,
For with Christ I'm crucified.

When His glory I shall see,
And we meet beyond the tide,
There will be a crown for me,
Since with Christ I'm crucified.

THY WILL BE DONE

My heart I know is prone to sin,
And self is strong to rule within,
I want my own way to pursue,
To please myself in what I do,
But, Lord, help me life's course to run,
And ever say "Thy will be done."

I know that my way is not best,
And does not lead to peace and rest;
I'm blind and cannot see afar,
I need to have a guiding star,
O Lord, I know the crown is won,
By those who say "Thy will be done."

Then lead Thou me, my Lord I pray,
From paths of right let me not stray,
Oh help me to submissive be,
And give up everything to Thee,
Thou only wise and holy One,
And always say "Thy will be done."

THE EVERLASTING ARMS

Deut. 33:27

Underneath the one who's trusting,
Guarding him against all that harms,
Never for a moment failing,
Are the Everlasting Arms.

Arms of strength and love and mercy,
Tender as a mother's care,
They bring comfort, peace and solace,
To the faithful everywhere.

When the cares of life are heavy,
And the threatening storm alarms
There are always hope and courage,
In the Everlasting Arms.

There is refuge in life's struggles,
In the Arms so true and strong,
And a place of sure protection,
From the base assaults of wrong.

Here then let us find assurance,
Fearing none of Earth's alarms,
Since around and underneath us,
Are the Everlasting Arms.

THE MESSAGE OF THE CROSS

Though the way may be rough,
And dark clouds hang above,
Still the cross may be seen
And it says, God is love.

Though sight be denied,
And we grope and ask why,
From the cross unto faith,
God is love, comes reply.

Here is rest, here is peace,
Here our doubts flee away,
God is love says the cross,
And our night turns to day.

NOW I CAN SEE.

Once I was blind to God's wonderful grace,
The light of his truth in my soul had no place,
But the hand of his love was extended to me,
He lifted me up and now I can see.

CHORUS

*I was blind, I was blind to his mercy so free,
But I heard a sweet call, "O come unto me"
My heart made response, "Lord I come unto thee"
And now praise his name, I can see, I can see.*

Once I was blind to my guilt and my sin,
And my heart did not hate the evil within;
But I washed in the Fountain provided for me,
My blindness is gone and now I can see.

Once I was blind to the meaning of life,
And nowhere found help in the darkness and strife,
But the Giver of Life came nigh unto me,
He opened my eyes and now I can see.

Once I was blind to the glories ahead,
And the future was dark and filled me with dread,
But the gladness of hope he has given to me,
His light fills my soul for now I can see.

MAKE ME LIKE THEE

Oh Saviour come and fill my heart,
Thy love, thyself to me impart,
Let naught thy gracious purpose thwart,
Make me like Thee, make me like Thee.

CHORUS

*I need thy presence every passing day,
And for thy grace I humbly pray,
Oh cleanse my every sin away,
Make me like Thee, make me like Thee.*

Thy peace, thy rest I long to know,
To me the paths of service show,
Lead me where ever I should go;
Make me like Thee, make me like Thee.

My soul is filled with one great plea,
I want thy power revealed in me,
Thy glorious fullness I would see,
Make me like Thee, make me like Thee.

I WOULD SERVE THEE

(See Zech Third Chapter)

O Saviour I would serve thee,
But I am very weak,
And Satan is opposing,
Help me thy strength to seek.
Rebuke the adversary,
And save me from his power,
And draw me ever closer,
To thee each passing hour.

I've worn unsightly garments,
Of worldliness and sin,
I come to thee for cleansing,
Oh make me pure within,
And clothe me with the beauty,
Of truth and love and peace,
And fit me for thy service,
Thy power in me increase.

Come near me O my Saviour,
And take my hand in thine,
And lead me where I'm needed,
And let thy will be mine,
Make me to be a blessing,
As thou my soul dost bless,
And keep me ever near thee,
In paths of righteousness.

I praise thee O my Saviour,
That through thy wondrous grace,
Among thy humble servants
Thou givest me a place,
Oh keep me true and faithful,
From sin and failure free,
Robed in thy beauteous garments,
Help me to live for thee.

TEACH ME TO PRAY

Thou knowest Lord, that I am weak,
Unworthy unto Thee to speak,
But do not turn from me away,
Thy mercy I would humbly seek,
I come with heart submissive meek,
Teach me to pray.

CHORUS

*I yield my life, my all to Thee,
I'll follow where Thou ledest me,
And find in Thee my hope and stay,
O Lord, my Lord teach me to pray.*

Ask and ye surely shall receive,
Help me this promise to believe,
Give me a childlike faith alway,
My sins behind me I would leave,
Because for them I deeply grieve,
Teach me to pray.

Give me the joy of answered prayer,
And let me feel that I may share,
As I press forward day by day,
My Heavenly Father's loving care,
That He doth all my burdens bear:
Teach me to pray.

The wisdom of the world I've sought,
Unto my heart no peace it brought,
But now I seek the better way,
My Saviour I would know thy thought,
And by thy wisdom would be taught,
Teach me to pray.

BY FAITH NOT BY SIGHT

(2 Cor. 5:7)

The future Lord, is hidden from my gaze,
Unknown thy will,
Thou seest clearly all the coming days,
Thy plans fulfill.

Thou knowest always what is best for me,
I do not know,
Take Thou my hand and let me walk with Thee,
Where e'er I go.

And though the way sometimes be hard and rough,
Thou canst not fail,
Thy grace and strength will always be enough,
And will prevail.

'Tis better far to walk by faith than sight,
Choose Thou my way,
Lead Thou me on from darkness into light,
From night to day.

ALL THROUGH THY LIFE

(Tune "All through the Night")

God is near and always with thee,
All through thy life,
With his presence He would cheer thee,
All through thy life.
Mercies on thee He is heaping,
Ever watchful never sleeping,
Constant watchcare o'er thee keeping,
All through thy life.

And His goodness faileth never,
All through thy life,
For His love abideth ever,
All through thy life.
Hearken to His tender pleading,
All His faithful warnings heeding,
Yield unto His gracious leading,
All through thy life.

Unto Him by faith keep clinging,
All through thy life,
Fill thy days with hope and singing,
All through thy life.
Cares and troubles do not borrow,
Trust Him in the times of sorrow,
Gladly leave to Him the morrow,
All through thy life.

Walk the way that leads to glory,
All through thy life,
Tell to all redemption's story,
All through thy life,
Love and service ever blending,
Prayer and praise to God ascending,
He will bring thee at life's ending,
Safe home at last.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND

(*Psalm 31:15*)

My times are in Thy hands, I'm glad its true
Thou knowest what is best,
Thy love will never fail my whole life through,
In Thee my heart finds rest.

My times of weakness Lord Thou knowest well,
Be Thou my strength I pray,
My haltings, doubts and fears do Thou dispel,
And keep me day by day.

My times of sorrow Lord are in Thy hands
Come Thou and comfort me,
Break Thou for me grief's gloomy bands,
From darkness set me free.

My times of service Lord are seen by Thee,
Let me not careless grow,
Help me to watch and pray and faithful be,
And fruits of labor show.

My times of conflict Lord are fully known,
Each hard and trying hour,
Thou wilt not leave me in the strife alone,
Gird me with Thine own power.

And Thou dost see my times of gladness too,
Times when my faith is strong,
Let not I pray my happy days be few,
Oh fill my life with song.

PEACE

I have found the place of rest,
And my soul has entered in,
I am now supremely blest,
I am saved from all my sin,

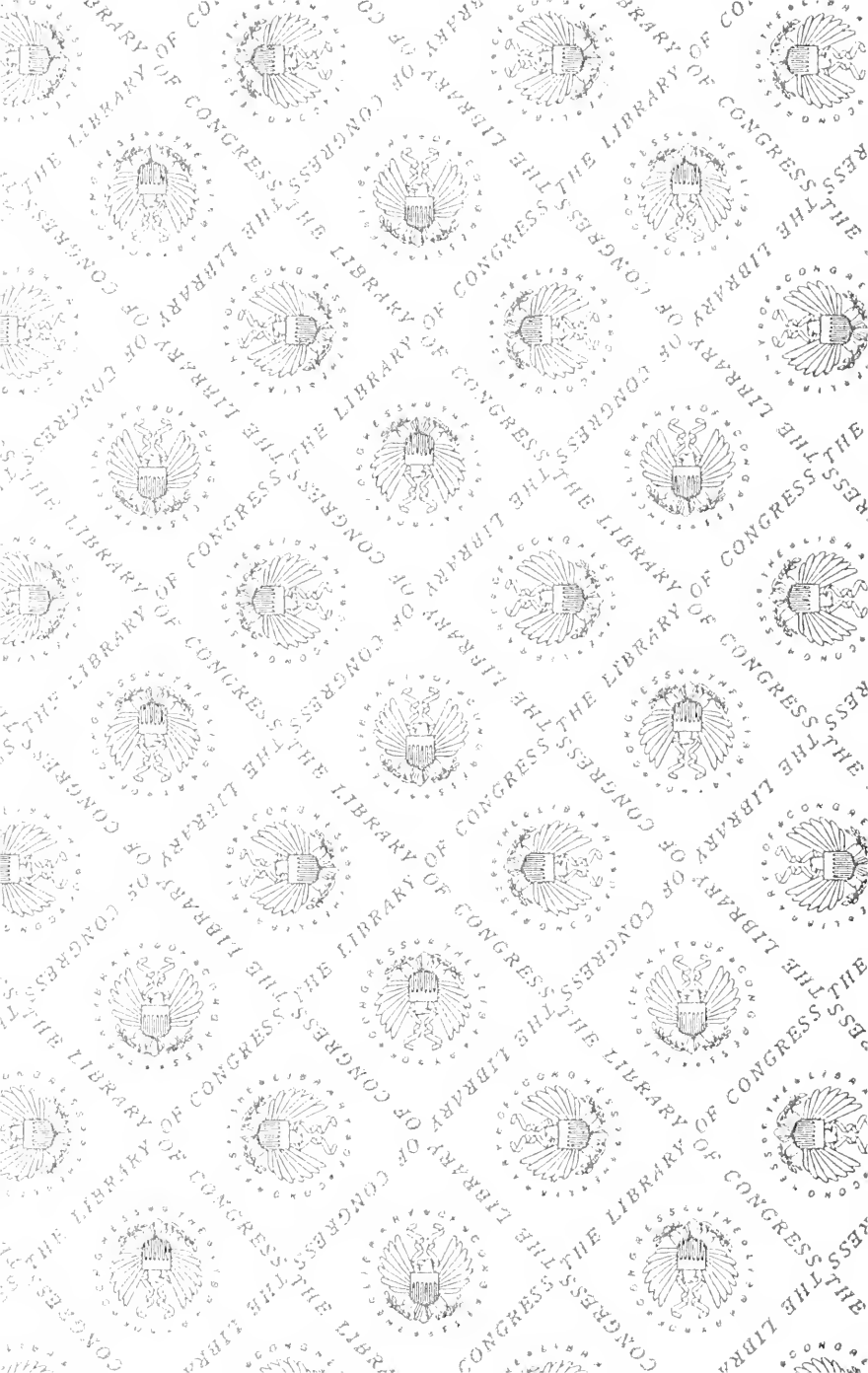
Self no longer rules my heart,
Christ is now my Saviour, King,
"Grace for grace" he doth impart,
I delight His praise to sing.

He is life and strength to me,
He is patient, faithful, kind,
I was blind but now I see,
Victory through Him I find.

In Him daily I abide,
And his word abides in me,
And I know what e'er betide,
He will hear my every plea.

I have heard my Saviour's call,
He has caused my fears to cease,
Jesus is my all in all,
And He gives me peace, sweet peace.

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